

## A QUAKERESS.

Kate Ingleby stood at the drawing-room window in Curzon Street, tapping the tip of her little Wellington boot impatiently with her riding-whip. A sharp summer shower was patterning down upon the street, and Kate was waiting until it was over to go out for her daily ride. Not that a shower of rain made, as a rule, much difference; but for her she was accustomed to wait in all weathers. She waited to-day simply because the friend she had promised to see was declined to go out in a heavy thunderstorm for which exercise of wise discretion Kate heartily despised her. She was getting very impatient. These seemed no end to the straight white rain shafts that came driving down from the heavy clouds. Miss Ingleby's chearful mien, as she sat in her chair, watching up and down outside, had lost her vestige; but there is a limit to equine impatience, and at last she got quite tired of watching her. On the opposite side of the street was a bookshop and library, to whom she had accustomed to subscribe for the few thin volumes of poetry which at odd times she allowed through. It struck her at once that Mr. Ashe was sitting in his chair right now, and she had no objection whatever to white away the solitary evening. She gathered up her hat in one hand, and sauntered off, picking her way gingerly over the muddy street, she went into the back part of the shop, and stood turning over a whole heap of works of fiction which lay piled together on the counter.

Miss Ingleby had a tall, well-made figure, which looked its best in a riding-haberdashery. She was a handsomely made girl, and yet her beauty was rather that is universally admired—her bright brown eyes, a small nose, a mouth that was full of life, and a small head well set upon her shoulders. She wore her dark brown hair in short all round her head, like a boy's, and in a profusion of thick crisp curves open where her riding-hat now sat a little bit to one side, with a decidedly rakish air. Miss Ingleby had many accomplishments, but these were all of one character. She could ride, fish, and swim; moreover, she could smoke cigarettes with enjoyment, and shoot rabbits with precision. In addition to all this, she was the actual possessor of fifty thousand pounds comfortably invested in Government securities. With all these advantages it was perhaps not wonderful that this young lady had a very high opinion of herself.

"Kate, have you heard it said that it is good to think well of yourself? You should," said Miss Ingleby, "but I don't know that it is good to think well of you you should."

"I am thinking of myself," said Miss Ingleby.

"I am thinking